Volume LXXVI CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 4, 1915 Number 10

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

Thanksgiving

Now gracious plenty rules the board,
And in the purse is gold,
By multitudes, in glad accord,
Thy giving is extolled.
Ah, suffer me to thank thee, Lord,
For what thou dost withhold!

I thank thee that howe'er we climb
There yet is something higher,
That though through all our reach of time
We to the stars aspire,
Still, still, beyond us burns sublime
The pure siderel fire!

I thank thee for the unexplained,
The hope that lies before,
The victory that is not gained—
O Father, more and more
I thank thee for the unattained—
The good we hunger for!

I thank thee for the voice that sings
To inner depths of being,
For all the upward spread of wings,
From earthly bondage freeing;
For mystery—the dream of things
Beyond our power of seeing.

—*Florence Earle Coates.*

From Scribner's Magazine.

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 147
Congregationalism Ringing True 149
CONTRIBUTED—
The Japanese Problem on the Pacific Coast as Seen by an Easterner.—Louis P. Lochner 150
Joseph Fort Newton—An Appreciation.—Rev. H. L. Haywood 152
Woman and Beauty.—James G. Townsend 155
Withdrawals from the Unitarian Ministry.—John Haynes Holmes 154
Peace Resolutions of the N. E. A. 156
Words of Abdul Baha 157
SELECTED—
Adapted to Changing Needs.—*Maurice Maeterlinck* 151
A Chained Eagle.—*Rollin H. Ayres, D.D* 157
POETRY—
Thanksgiving.—*Florence Earle Coates* 145
In Autumn Days.—*Edith M. Thomas* 147
The Borderland.—Augusta Larned 155
Wet Weather Talk.—*James Whitcomb Riley* 157
Song of Hope.—*Mary A. Lathbury* 159
THE FIELD—
What They Think of Unity 158
Armor Plate Patriotism Is World Wide.—*Clyde H. Tavenner* 158
Religious Interest at the University of Nevada 158
Poland 159
No Factory Inspector for Georgia 159

UNITY PUBLISHING COMPANY, ABRAHAM LINCOLN CENTRE, CHICAGO

JONES
Dairy Farm
SAUSAGE

FOR SALE BY

ACKERMAN MARKET HOUSE
1450 E. 47th Street
FRED BALLARD
1516 E. 53rd Street
BLACK BROS.
1541 E. 53rd Street
WM. BULOWA
1332 E. 47th Street
CLARK-LYON CO.
3917 Cottage Grove Ave.
H. F. EGGERS,
55th and Madison
J. W. LEIGH
1514 E. 53rd Street
C. H. MORGAN & CO.
1405 E. 47th Street
O. T. WALL & CO.
1308 E. 63rd Street
CHAS. M. EISENBERG
1327 E. 57th Street
RUST & ANTISDALE
1408 E. 47th Street

MILO C. JONES
FT. ATKINSON, WIS.

Telephone, Douglas 665

John G. Hope

PAINTING AND DECORATING

PAINTERS' SUPPLIES
WALL PAPER
GLASS

3811 Cottage Grove Ave.
Chicago

THE Keeley Treatment

For Liquor, Opium, Morphine and Other Drug Using.
SUCCESSFUL FOR 33 YEARS
and still the best because we keep up to date always

We have remedies which cure the *Tobacco Habit and Nervousness at home* without interfering with business.

Send for Illustrated Free Booklet.
All Correspondence Confidential in plain envelope.

The Keeley Institute
DWIGHT, ILL.
CHICAGO OFFICE:
SUITE 906 RECTOR BLDG.
79 W. Monroe Street

John I. Oswald, Pres. and Treas. Chas. F. Blakely, Vice-Pres.
James P. Kugler, Secretary
THE BLAKELY-OSWALD PRINTING CO.
Printers and Binders
Telephone Wabash 3854 120-124 W. Polk Street, CHICAGO

PRINTING
Attractive Printing for the Office, the Church, the Club. Moderate prices.
Oakland : Printing : Shop
743 E. 39th Street
Douglas 4305—PHONES—Auto. 71-671

Private Limousine Cars
AT REASONABLE RATES
For All Purposes
DAY AND NIGHT SERVICE
Phones
Douglas 3268
Douglas 3269
Automatic 79-806
OAKLAND AUTO LIVERY
821 E. 39th STREET
Garages
716 E. 39th ST.
1034 E. 43rd ST.

1902—One Wagon
1911—10 Wagons
and
Four Automobiles

We are patronized by those who desire and appreciate an excellent quality of laundry work.

BISSELL LAUNDRY CO.
Phone Douglas 1003
653-59 39th Street

Advance Roofing and Sheet Metal Works
INCORPORATED
FRANK R. PRIEVE, President
4830-32 Cottage Grove Ave.
Phone Oakland 3776

Sky-Lights and Sheet Metal Works. Gravel, Slate and Metal Roofing

KENWOOD FLORAL CO.
HENRY HILMERS, Prop.
Choice Plants and Cut Flowers
Phone Oakland 78. 1117 East 47th Street

WRIGHT & COMPANY
STEAM COAL DOMESTIC
Telephone Yards 5166
Main Office and Storage Yards:
3400 South Racine Avenue
CHICAGO

UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME LXXVI. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1915. NUMBER 10

IN AUTUMN DAYS.

Soul, in thine autumn days have utmost cheer!
Spring hath no flower of flowers that can contest
The splendor of the hues upon his breast—
Who beareth up the incense of the year.
Spring hath no fire like that within the sphere
Of autumn suns, impassioned of the west,
Long lingering there—that will not sink to rest
Till all hearts feel unrest divine and dear!

An urn of sweetness, costly past esteem,
Bear up the incense of thy year, O Soul;
And in the frost-bit days, when no flowers gleam,
Let thy mere leaves of life be flower-bright.
And, as thou nearest to thy western goal,
Intenser glow the spirit's orbëd light!

—*Edith M. Thomas.*

The Public for October 29 reports that the valuable report of the commission on Industrial Relations, issued by the Federal Bureau of Public Documents, is no longer available, and the only hope for a wider circulation is that Congress may provide for an additional edition. To this information *The Public* adds: "An appropriation for this purpose would be a far greater public benefit than the squandering of money on the army and navy." To which UNITY adds, amen!

Rev. O. C. Helming, of the University Congregational Church, at the recent National Council of Congregationalism, held at New Haven, Conn., reported on the Religious and Moral Education Commission:

> Recent investigations, conducted by the Council of the Religious Education Association, reveal enormous waste which occurs through ill-advised expenditures for buildings, equipment and supplies; and the still more deplorable waste of human energy, or religious consecration which occurs through the lack of wise direction for volunteer workers in religious education. Means must be found to stop this waste through sounder standards of educational processes and products. Surely, our denomination cannot be allowed to fall behind others in making use of the most expert leadership to organize and direct our educational interests. When we discuss the plan of reorganization proposed by the Commission on Missions, let us have such considerations as these in mind.

J. E. Williams, in the November number of the *Unitarian Advocate,* discusses the revival of "Benjamin Fay Mills," in which occurs the statement given below. To recognize this principle is to remove the grounds of much useless theological discussion. What is the use of disputations between individuals whose fundamental standpoints are radically different. Emerson said, "Beware of a man who says, 'I am about to make a revelation.'" It is equal sense to avoid disputing with a man who claims that he speaks by or from a revelation unique, of which his opponent knows nothing, consequently cannot judge.

> Obviously, it is useless to argue with a revelation. It is either yea or nay, accept or reject. Equally certain is it that such a revelation is not valid for any one but the person receiving it. Joseph Smith, John Alexander Dowie and Mary Baker Eddy all thought they received revelations, but we cannot accept one without rejecting the others, and we common mortals are not excused from exercising our reason in judging them.

We have already called attention to the semi-monthly published in Chicago entitled "*Free Poland,* devoted to the "Truth About Poland and Her People." It has reached the third number of volume two and its pages are full of thrilling material. Here bishops, cardinals, physicians, college professors meet on the common ground of great disappointments and great hopes, great wrongs and noble aspirations. It shows how absolutely powerless is the sword when it attempts to crush a live people. Poland has had no place on the map for over a century, but the Poles are alive in every pore and its exiles in the United States can use the hyphen without suspicion, for loyalty to a lost cause in the ranks of freedom makes good citizens of the United States. The current number contains a striking picture of Paderewski, who is called the "Polish Almoner," and who "typifies the tortured soul of a nation of 20,000,000."

A small group of Chicago citizens gathered around a luncheon table at the City Club last week to consider our duty toward the unfortunate Armenian people who are now suffering a process of complete extermination at the hands of the Turks. Steps were taken toward securing a more public discussion of the problem and a more direct appeal to the people at no distant day. Meanwhile all present were persuaded that it is a case beyond the reach of private charities and that it should become the national duty of the United States to champion the cause of the oppressed. Here is a new opportunity for the exercising of the development of diplomacy. There is much that can be done, or at least great things to be undertaken, by the State Department of a great nation like the United States in befriending the cause of the downtrodden. In these wild days of militancy, perspectives are so cruelly violated or demolished that when a few hundred citizens whose lives are sacrificed by a wanton submarine shell, the officials of the United States are justly stirred, and

with the firm hand of righteous diplomacy demand explanation. Germany, armed to the teeth, sensed its guilt and offered atonement, the most important part of which was a promise to desist in the future. But here are a million or more people being visited with relentless assassinations and, so far as we can see, no great power of the world has yet raised its voice in protest. *Noblesse oblige*—nobility obliges. Here is an opportunity, nay a high duty, offered the State Department at Washington. Is there not a way by which it can speak, not in the thunder tones of cannon, which will only add to the noise and bloodshed, but in the pleading tones of humanity, an appeal to reason and to justice, against which no peoples or nations are wholly proof. Let the voice of the United States always be heard in the interest of the persecuted.

If current journalism and the daily press are to be credited there is a general stampede on the part of the pacific forces of the United States to the military stockades of the "Safety League," the "Preparedness Camps" and similar activities. The "Army and Navy League," which heretofore has been carrying on a gum-shoe campaign around the banquet tables of the Boards of Trade and Associations of Commerce, has declared its intention of bringing the war into the open. It is planning to enter shops and factories to plead with men who, when war comes, will have to carry the guns and do the shooting and in return receive the major part of the bullets. Even the preachers, if the papers are to be credited, are taking to the trenches. Last Tuesday a meeting was held in Chicago, to be presided over by a bishop and to be addressed by an array of preachers ranging from Methodists to Catholic priests who are to speak in the interest of "Preparedness." Even President Wilson, whose pacific attitude up to this time has been so heroic and commendable, seems to be throwing his energies in the interest of bigger navies and more soldiers. How much of this is forced politics in pre-election times remains to be seen. Be that as it may, it behooves the friends of Peace to realize that their cause calls for renewed vigilance on the part of the foes of war. It is refreshing to find that *The Public*, *The Survey* and *The Independent* are still open in their opposition to this reactionary wave. Now, if ever, is the time to carry on a popular propaganda seeking to impress at least the rising generation and the would-be religious world that the gospel demand in this direction is still to be interpreted in the present tense. The prophet's cry for ploughshares instead of swords and pruning-hooks instead of spears is still the cry of today as well as of the ages. The reasoning of Immanuel Kant, the appeal of Channing and Tolstoy still dominate the sanity as well as the science of the age. Now is no time to cease activities or to beat a retreat. UNITY stays in the short list of journals mentioned above that do not propose to take shelter behind barbed wire.

Chicago is again in the throes of an industrial war. The Garment Industry, ever ill at ease, is again convulsed with passion. Some 30,000, according to the leaders of the strike, 2,000, according to the manufacturers, of needleworkers, mostly women and girls of foreign birth, oftentimes isolated by foreign speech, are out on the streets asking for recognition and a more adequate living wage. On the other side are the organizations of the manufacturers, some 32 firms in all, who are standing on what they deem their rights to conduct their own business in their own way, to keep their own counsels and abide their time. We believe that the employers as well as the employees have consciences, that they are doing things which they believe to be their duty. Most of these men are honored citizens, humane and public spirited. It is the pathos of the situation that these warring elements should be held apart when they ought to be so firmly bound together. It goes without the saying that most of the alleged "facts" and impugned motives are fearfully falsified, and for the most part the lying and misinterpretations are unintentional. Meanwhile the daily press, of such immense alleged influence, is either silent, captious or obviously unfair, and the great third party tremendously involved, the public, is either stolidly indifferent or cowardly inactive. Last Sunday a mass meeting was held in one of the Chicago theatres. It was largely attended and nobly addressed by worthy representatives, but as a matter of fact the seats were largely filled with the strikers and their sympathizers and the speeches were all on one side. Obviously, the need is for a better understanding and for the amelioration of bitterness and the cultivation of sympathy, based not only on a community of interest between employer and employee, but a community of love between industrial factions as between nations. UNITY reaffirms its oft repeated statement that no dispute can possibly arise, no issue can be so profound between any combination of individuals or of nations that should not be promptly submitted to the arbitrament of the highest court available. There are no "rights" or "honors" or "vital issues" that should not be submitted to the arbitration of the highest tribunal available. Justice at the hand of such arbitral courts is scarcely to be expected always just; but it is the nearest approach to justice available and believers in law and order should be prepared to pay the penalty and to abide by the decisions, for it is along such lines that civilization must travel.

Congregationalism Ringing True

The Congregational brethren have been meeting in national council at New Haven and, judging from reports, the council rang true on the great issues of civilization today. At least they took note of the war and its profound significance, and they stood up and stood out against the militarism that would palliate the sword and discount the cross to which they are committed. We are glad to give our editorial space to some of their utterances which should be heard far beyond the confines of any denomination. The Rev. Charles R. Brown of Yale, Moderator of the Assembly, in his opening address, said:

"New occasions teach new duties." Since those peaceful days at Kansas City two years ago in the last National Council there has come, if not a new Heaven, then a new and terrible earth. In the face of that crisis it is for every man and every church and every body of churches to line up and bring upon the field all the energy, wisdom and conscience they have to further those principles and ideals whose right it is to win.

The moral bankruptcy in certain quarters and the challenge of a great spiritual crisis consequent upon this war ought to bring at once a new and more effective formation of our religious forces. In the face of that vast need why not instantly and everywhere the sinking of petty sectarian prejudice and the taking of a long stride toward Christian unity!

We have as yet made little headway in that direction. We have talked about it, and ever more came in by the same door we went out. We have passed resolutions like the sands of the sea for multitude and for uselessness. The hand of friendliness has been stretched out, but when the time came for action, some historic bit of ritual, or of polity, or of theological theory, stood in the way—and the hand was withdrawn. We have never really taken upon our hearts that fundamental duty suggested by Christ when he prayed that we might all be one. Not one in the monotony of a single form of liturgy, not one in the mechanism of a single form of polity, not one in a rigid identity of theological theory, but one in the unity of the spirit and in the bond of peace and in a growing righteousness of life.

The Rev. Ozora S. Davis, head of the Chicago Theological Seminary, in the sermon before the council, said:

We see before us the most gigantic struggle for self that ever has been displayed in history. Each warring nation believes sincerely that it is fighting for the preservation of its existence. Its integrity, its well being, its permanence is in peril; and furiously, relentlessly each nation at war is fighting for its life. It seems as if for the time being the struggle for the life of self were lifted into such prominence that there is no longer room for the good news of Christ, the gospel of altruism and good will.

The present situation sends its roots far back into the first study of natural phenomena, which revealed the selfish and cruel struggle for individual life. This was the conception of the world which found expression in Tennyson's familiar lines:

"For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal;
The Mayfly is born by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike,
And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey."

The same preacher faced the taunt flung so freely by the militarists against the "sissys" and "molly-coddles" in this manly fashion:

Our controversy with the militarist is primarily over the question whether fratricidal war is best or the sole agent for developing the martial virtues.

* * * *

This consists in releasing the martial virtues to other and nobler ends than war. To mobilize mankind to useful labor; to enlist trained minds in the continued fight with fear and superstition in the presence of God's majestic world; to summon devoted and disciplined men and women to annihilate the foes to man's physical welfare; to captain the hosts who shall become "soldiers of the common good," this is the higher militarism to which the Christian Church calls the world today. And in that conflict every virtue that the noblest war of history has called forth will be trained and perfected. This is the new heroism.

* * * *

Never before was the opportunity so challenging for the Christian Church to hold before its young people the call of their generation to exercise the martial virtues for noble ends. Christian citizenship involves as great sacrifice, bravery and difficulty as is presented on the battle-fronts of Europe. We have not yet offered our eager and chivalric youth the Christian equivalent of war. This year of battle frenzy and headlong rush into military preparedness is the time for steadiness and the true sense of values. The call is for good soldiers of Jesus Christ.

* * * *

A third disastrous situation created by the Great War is the impetus which it is giving to race hatred and the sanction that it offers to a selfish and parochial patriotism. The conflict itself has issued in no small degree from the racial and national contempt that has been spreading through the world, as nationalism and sectionalism have grown at the expense of international good-will and the ideal of human brotherhood as Jesus taught it. Use the word "menace" and each of the warring nations will quickly attach the adjective descriptive of its foes and use the term with fierce passion to describe its enemies. Use the noun "peril" and men of each color will use it with a qualifying adjective to designate a skin of another hue and will employ the phrase to justify repressive or warlike measures. Thus race antagonism and national jealousy, fanned into flame, has finally burst out into the awful conflagration of today.

* * * *

True patriotism and nationality are not disparaged by the Christian doctrine of brotherhood. Just as one may be a loyal member of his own family and also true to the claim of the clan and the state, so one may be faithful to obligations that root in the ties of nation and race and at the same time fulfill his highest responsibility to humanity. It is possible, however, for patriotism to generate into a subtle and deadening selfishness. One may love his land and his race with a partisan zeal that robs such high loyalty of its grace and splendor. Whenever this vicious allegiance sings itself into such "Songs of Hate" as the Great War has already produced, we have the degradation of patriotism and love of native land is changed from a blessing to a curse.

* * * *

The higher patriotism to fatherland in the terms of human brotherhood, and defines nationalism in the terms of international obligation and service. It speaks its own language and rejoices in ancient traditions; but it feels and it acts in the universal language of international good-will. Its diplomacy is that of John Hay, too honest to be quickly understood by those who have learned only the vernacular of intrigue. Its love of country is that which burned in the breast of Lincoln, who today is nobly recognized as the South's truest friend as he was the North's most loyal son. Its final expression is in the ideal of Christ for that highest union of all the sons of men in the sonship of God and in a brotherhood of mutual good-will and service.

* * * *

On the 6th of October in the washer room adjoining furnace No. 1 in the plant of the Illinois Steel Company at South Chicago twenty-six furnace blowers were resting for a few minutes. Suddenly Sheldon Lacey heard a noise and saw the base of the big valve in the pipe carrying the waste gas drop down. This released the deadly poison into the room. Lacey was near the door. To try to force back the base and hold the gas until the flow could be checked would mean fearful peril and it might mean death. The men were foreigners, united in the brotherhood of hard labor. Lacey thought like lightning. This was his task. "Get out, boys!" he yelled. "I'll hold it back a while." The men ran. Lacey reached the valve and got the base up. But the loose connection and the hole where the rivet had failed let the deadly gas upon him. He and the valve base fell together. Then Pietro Moncilochi, his "Dago" partner, ran back. He dragged

Lacey halfway to the door; then they went into a heap. Four others lugged the two into the fresh air and collapsed.

A few hours later both Lacey and Moncilochi died in the company hospital. A reporter added these sentences to the report in the morning papers:

"The four volunteers were lying near, still unconscious and perhaps dying. No one knew the names of the four. Men go by numbers in the mills until they die."

Now this is brotherhood, overleaping every selfish interest, defying custom and race and rank and creed, and realizing itself in those immortal heroisms that free us all from the charge of bondage to low aims in life's supreme moments.

Such an expression of a brotherhood that is stronger than death and leaps differences of race is noble and heroic. There is, however, a higher form and a deeper basis. It is the brotherhood of all mankind realized in allegiance to Christ. "One is your Master; all ye are brethren." This is the Christian gospel to a distracted world.

The Japanese Problem on the Pacific Coast As Seen By an Easterner

In the following I do not propose to speak with any degree of authority upon as complicated a subject as the California land question after but a month's stay on the coast. I am merely trying to report what I saw and experienced, believing that at times a personal narrative may convey a more vivid impression of a situation than the most erudite grouping of facts and statistics.

My first stop in California was made with an old college friend at Riverside. He volunteered the amazing information that the "Japs" not only lied, cheated, stole, and in general made themselves guilty of every mean act, but, worst of all, that they were all secretly registered with the consul at San Francisco as potential soldiers in the inevitable struggle with the United States.

His statement was of the kind that is accepted as axiomatic among certain classes in California. Ask this type of person whether he has taken the trouble to acquaint himself personally with the Japanese in his city, and he will look at you in utter consternation at the mere suggestion. Press him a little more closely, and he will admit that he prefers to purchase his vegetables from the Japanese huckster because he gets better quality for his money than from native peddlers. And he will also admit that his wife prefers Japanese help because it is more efficient. And as for his inclination to "cheat and steal"—my friend's wife, I learned afterward, often is away from home attending social functions, with never a thought that her Japanese help may improve the time annexing this or that household article while the mistress is away.

Coming to San Francisco a few weeks later, I had occasion to meet this awful consul who is secretly building up an army of Japanese under the very nose of Uncle Sam. This amiable gentleman, I found, is indeed keeping a record of the Japanese in California, but the necessity of so doing is imposed upon him by the fact that no Japanese, however cultured, can become a citizen of this "land of the free," and that his government, scrupulously anxious to please us, requires him to keep a check on his countrymen so that he may know instantly where to reach the responsible parties should the slightest trouble arise. Give the Japanese a chance to become an American citizen and the necessity for any system of supervision on the part of the imperial consul will disappear.

In this connection it may be well to examine for a moment the statement so often made on the coast that the Japanese in California are bound in the event of the "inevitable war with Japan" to become the Flowery Kingdom's first line of offense. My observation led me to believe that the very reverse is true, for the simple reason that the second generation of Japanese in this country not only scarcely knows a word of Japanese, but is in every other respect like the rest of us Americans. Unable to speak the Japanese language, it does not take much imagination to see how these young men and women have everything to lose by a conflict between the country of their adoption and the land of their fathers. Supposing that in the event of the approach of war they felt impelled to leave this country. They would not want to go to Japan, for no one would understand them there. Far from being a menace to us they are the strongest possible guardians of peace.

The thing that impressed me particularly was the restraint which the Japanese evidence in the face of the insulting conditions under which they must live. Here is my friend Inui, who in his college days at Michigan University defeated the representatives of eight institutions of learning in an oratorical contest, now happily married to a charming Japanese who holds a Phi Beta Kappa from Stanford University. For all his culture and his sturdy Americanism Uncle Sam won't have him. Here is Kawakami, the publicist, author of books written in a style that many native Americans would do well to imitate. From his union with his splendid American wife have sprung three gifted children, Americans every inch of them, his oldest daughter at the head of her classes at school. Yet he is not only denied citizenship, but when he purchased a home near Golden Gate Park, a deputation of "superior" white neighbors came to threaten his family with ostracism should he dare settle among them. Here is Ichihashi, the immigration expert, professor of economics at Stanford University, at whose feet have sat hundreds of American students. All his erudition avails him naught for securing his naturalization papers. And there are the six hundred graduates of American colleges whom Dr. Jordan and I had the privilege of addressing at a rally which they held to promote interest in the great International Peace Congress which followed several days afterward. As I scanned their earnest faces, I wondered what hypocrites they thought we Americans were, to keep holding before our youth in our educational centers the ideal of democracy and human solidarity and common kinship with an international Christ, and yet, after handing these sons of the Orient their well deserved diplomas, to refuse even to let them acquire land.

And so on. Yet throughout my dealings with these splendid Orientals I never heard an unkind word spoken against our treatment of the Asiatics. "We know that ultimately the Californians will learn to appreciate us," said one of them to me. "Meanwhile we shall go on quietly acquiring American customs and the American point of view, so that, when you are ready to admit us, we may be as good citizens as the best among you."

I had never been able to understand why it was that the labor unions were inveigled into upholding the anti-Japanese measures with reference to the acquisition of land. Their argument, as I understand it, was

that the Japanese were embarrassing the labor market by working for a cheaper wage than the Americans. And their process of reasoning was something like this: Let us make it impossible for the Japanese to hold land, and it will be only a question of time until they will leave our state entirely. The more stringent the legislation, the more certain it is that they will go back to Japan.

They ignored the fact, however, that Japan is so burdened with taxation by reason of her war of the last decades, that the average Japanese will prefer to live here even under the irksome conditions imposed by us rather than return to his country. Far from relieving the labor market, the anti-alien law seems to work out substantially as follows: The Japanese, no longer permitted to acquire land, are thrown back upon the labor market as common laborers. Thus the market becomes more crowded than ever, and the unions have more to fear from competition now than they could possibly have feared so long as the frugal and thrifty Japanese farmer was permitted to set up farming for himself.

I am glad to state that I believe the unions are already beginning to see their mistake, and it was with satisfaction that I read on leaving California that the State Federation of Labor, at its annual convention, was addressed by two delegates from labor unions of Japan, especially sent over here to attend the convention of their white fellow unionists in California.

Governor Johnson, I understand, piously asserts that his reason for opposing land tenure by the Japanese is that he wants to preserve California for the Californians. Leaving out for a moment the absurdity of his position, inasmuch as the original Californians, the Indians, have practically vanished, it has evidently never occurred to His Excellency that a more equitable taxation of land, by which those enormous estates that are now being withheld from the public by a few early comers would be made available, would not only provide sufficient elbow room for all Californians, but make the acquisition of land by the Japanese a negligible factor.

Unfortunately an unscrupulous press and a host of job hunting politicians are keeping popular feeling stirred. One of the most despicable tricks of unethical journalism ever perpetrated was staged by the Hearst papers during my stay on the coast. On two successive Sundays there was published an article entitled "Japan Plans to Invade America," purporting to be a translation of a book by "the Bernhardi of Japan" and endorsed by men like Count Okuma.

No sooner had I read this remarkable story which Mr. Hearst claims is the most widely read book in the Mikado's empire, than I put myself in touch with a number of prominent Japanese to get at their reaction Not one of them had ever heard of the book; one of my friends spent all of Monday morning in an attempt to find a copy of it in one of the numerous Japanese book stores of San Francisco; and another one at once set about to investigate all available Japanese blue books and year books and directories to ascertain what sort of an organization the "National Defense Association," which had authorized the publication of this book, might be. This was his conclusion:

"The fact is that the National Defense Association exists only in the mind of the Japanese scribe who wrote the story and in the editorial vocabulary of Mr. Hearst's lieutenants. In the Japanese edition of the story no address is given of this military association; not a word of explanation is said as to its character. But the Hearst papers invest it with grave significance and tell us that the association is presided over by Premier Count Okuma and is composed of army and naval officers, as well as cabinet members and government officials. Certainly Mr. Hearst 'put one over' on the original author of the story!

"The fact is that the anonymous Japanese author, hoping to make the book a financial success, was unscrupulous enough to publish the book with the imprint of a fictitious organization whose name, the National Association of Military Affairs, seems certainly high-sounding enough to lure the unsophisticated. To say knowingly that this association is a powerful organization composed of statesmen, publicists and the officers of the army and navy, is a fabrication to be condemned in the light of editorial decency."

Numerous articles setting forth the facts with reference to the abominable fake has since appeared. But it is unfortunately true that lies always appear to travel so much faster than the truth, and I consequently found my Californians who were visibly stirred up about the "revelations" of Mr. Hearst.

The remedy for the awkward situation in California lies not so much in getting the state to change its policy and attitude, as it does for the rest of the country, together with the decent citizens of California, to unite in changing our naturalization laws. Make the conditions for acquiring citizenship as easy or as difficult as you please, but treat all nations and races alike. Thus only will justice be done. But so long as we admit the rest of humanity to citizenship, but deliberately exclude persons of Asiatic descent, so long will the seeds of ill will between ourselves and our neighbors across the Pacific continue to take root.

LOUIS P. LOCHNER,
Secretary Chicago Peace Society.

Adapted to Changing Needs

Do we ask that the dog should drive our flocks?

The same compliant genius grants him the requisite size, intelligence, energy and vigilance.

Do we intend him to watch and defend our house?

His head becomes round and monstrous, in order that his jaws may be more formidable and more tenacious.

Are you taking him to the South?

His hair grows shorter and lighter, so that he may faithfully accompany us under the rays of a hotter sun.

Are we going up to the North?

His feet grow larger, the better to tread the snow; his fur thickens, in order that the cold may not compel him to abandon us.

This animal, our good familiar dog, simple and unsurprising as may today appear to us what he has done, in thus perceptibly drawing nearer to a world in which he was not born and for which he was not destined, has nevertheless performed one of the most unusual and improbable acts that we can find in the general history of life.

Maurice Maeterlinck.

"Joseph Fort Newton"

AN APPRECIATION

Six years ago the little band of Universalists at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, were in despair. Spite of heroic efforts and self-sacrifices their organization was falling in ruins and many were counseling surrender to the forces of decay. What could be done? these argued. Everything had been tried. The most approved remedies for church paralysis had been applied, but without success. The community seemed as indifferent to Universalism as if it had been already buried and out of sight. Even the church building itself was crumbling beneath the elements and stood as a mute but eloquent symbol of the fate that had befallen the little group worshipping beneath its roof. Could there be anywhere a new St. Francis capable of rebuilding a church so broken? There was. And a kindly Providence decreed that he should undertake the task.

This was Joseph Fort Newton of Dixon, Illinois, and his transmutation of a lost cause into one of the most influential churches in the Middle West is as romantic as any story in the church's long romantic history. Believing the movement's failure under the name "Universalist" would prove a needless handicap if the name should be continued, he established the church on a new basis and placed it before the public as "The Liberal Church." Only twenty persons were at hand to sign the new membership cards, which cards, by the way, give the finest definition of a liberal church the present writer has ever seen.

For a year and more little headway was made. The floating group of migratory worshippers made its inevitable appearance, attracted by the novelty of a new voice, and then, the novelty worn away, made its inevitable disappearance. But the splendid band of Spartan souls who backed the movement grew in confidence as they began to get the real measure of their new leader, and after a few more months of holding on were rewarded by the turning of the tide.

And such a tide! For five years it has mounted until today they stand in the midst of a church that is a prodigy of strength, a veritable John Ridd kind of church, the lines of which have gone out into all the nation, the voice of which is heard wherever the Saxon is spoken. When Dr. Newton recently turned an attentive ear to the seductive voices of the "People's Church" of St. Paul, Cedar Rapids arose as a unit and held onto him with both hands. Two local dailies filled columns with the speeches uttered ("shouted" would be more accurate) at two extemporized mass meetings and rallied the community under the slogan "Let us keep Dr. Newton in Cedar Rapids!"

The things said by the spokesman of the people might have turned the head even of an older man (Dr. Newton is only 38) and it is a revelation of his inviolable modesty that he was so overwhelmed by these expressions of love that he walked about for a week as one in a dream, making futile attempts to get himself awake. A letter received from him during that period was such a revelation of the unconscious greatness of a soul, the members of one family that could here be named cried like babes to read it.

"This has been the strangest week of my life," says one paragraph. "The revelation of it is amazing, bewildering, subduing. I take what has been said of me to be a description, not of what I am, but of what I ought to be; not of what I have done, but of what Cedar Rapids would have me do."

One of the reasons for this extraordinary hold on the people of that state is that, thanks to the generosity and loyal co-operation of his people, he has been able through lecturing and writing to build up a church outside the church. His literary addresses at the State University have always been "events" among the students there, some of the departments being obliged to close while their students were being absorbed in his Shakespearian interpretations. His patriotic lectures have come as revelations to the young men of our commonwealth. And his work in Freemasonry has securely established him as one of the national figures in that fraternity.

As regards this last named connection it may be said without exaggeration no man in the country is doing more fruitful work. "Masonry," he exclaimed in a recent conversaton, "is the greatest Liberal Church in the world." The manner in which he has thrown himself into its ministries proves how genuine was that sentiment. The *Builder,* a Masonic monthly he is editing, launched last January as the organ of the "National Masonic Research Society," is making circulation gains of more than a thousand a month, which would seem to justify one reviewer's description of it "as one of the best edited periodicals on the continent." "The Builder," his history of the craft from the earliest times to the present, is being presented to every candidate to the Third Degree by the Grand Lodge of the State. And his Masonic lectures, now famous throughout the middle West, have opened the eyes of hundreds of men to the deeps beneath deeps of meaning and beauty awaiting to be discovered in the millennial philosophy of that most ancient of orders.

A stranger reading Dr. Newton's Masonic books would come to the conclusion, so great is the erudition revealed in them, that the author had done nothing all his life except dig in the archives of the Fraternity. A student reading his essays in Christianity would be led to the same conclusion as regards his theological erudition. The range of his reading in this field is amazing, yet he carries it lightly, as a reading of his "Eternal Christ" will show. That meditation is profound and revealing, one of the finest spiritual insights in present day religious literature; as to its strength of thought, granitic; as to its literary form, of simple but enthralling beauty; its sentences being woven of finest silk, yet lithe and strong as bands of steel. The same qualities are found in two smaller volumes: "Wesley and Woolman" and "What the Saints Have to Teach Us."

One of Dr. Newton's teachers was David Swing. This "Greek who had wandered into a Christian pulpit" came into his life during a period of theological stress like a ray of revealing light and helped him, as he had helped so many others, to recover a foothold in the faith. Out of this personal discipleship Dr. Newton won an insight into the soul of the Chicago prophet which wonderfully equipped him to write "David Swing, Poet-Preacher," a biography that is the very incarnation of the spirit of its subject. Its pages are limpid and beautiful, and, though the biographer is unstinted in his praise of the man and his achievements, he does not indulge in mere panegyric, but stands alongside the teacher in the presence of

the realities he loved. The biography is not a history of the private idiosyncrasies of the man, but of the growth of the spirit of Christ in his soul.

This volume, it happens, is epitomized (not intentonally) in one of Dr. Newton's sermons, in a paragraph that is as winsome as it is true: "A sweet, meditative soul who came to the new, uprising city, prophesying the liberty of faith and the Christianity that is also a civilization. He built his altar near the old Chamber of Commerce, kindled his fire, read his essays, and vanished—but he wrought in wonders. The one mighty preacher of beauty, he called, and Aphrodite arose from the dregs and ugliness of slaughter-houses and the mire of materialism. More than a teacher, he was an atmosphere, an inspiration, a prophecy. If one could compile the testimonials to his influence, which might be gathered from every quarter of the earth, what a record it would be!"

Many believe the most solid and enduring of Dr. Newton's books to be "Lincoln and Herndon." It is an extended study based on a hitherto unpublished correspondence between Lincoln and his law partner, and throws new and revealing light on the character of our first American. A publisher who caters especially to students in Lincolniana told the present writer he considered it one of the finest contributions to the literature of the subject yet made by an American, which judgment seems borne out by the wide and ever increasing sale enjoyed by the volume.

In both these biographies one is caused to marvel at the author's almost uncanny power in laying bare the soul of a man. One of his parishioners, a lawyer of state-wide reputation, in endeavoring to explain the secret of Dr. Newton's power over him, said he had come to the conclusion it was "his ability to illuminate and make vivid a personality. After you have heard him tell about a man you find him to have become a personal friend. He hangs a lantern inside a character." This is the peculiar gift of the born biographer, a knack of self-luminous description in dealing with a soul, and it is evident in every one of his biographical studies. His lectures on St. Francis and Henry Ward Beecher make you "feel" the men, make you almost realize their presence, as if they, and not he, were speaking. No greater word has ever been spoken of either of these two heroes of the spirit than in Dr. Newton's Cedar Rapids lectures.

But the writer stands free to confess that he believes Dr. Newton's greatest printed work to be his four volumes of published sermons; an extraordinary statement to make, if true, when one considers how infrequently printed sermons are characterized by enduring qualities. If he poured out the feelings of his own heart in regard to them, acknowledged what a debt his own life owes to them, what Dr. Newton himself says in the first lines of a lecture on "the most radiant soul that has lived on earth since Jesus," would apply: "If my talk tonight is less a lecture than a rhapsody it cannot be helped. It is not easy to speak of Francis of Assisi calmly, and one can no more help loving and praising him than one can help loving and praising surpassing beauty everywhere." The printed sermons of the Christian faith in their higher ranges, beginning with Augustine, Chrysostum and the earliest pulpit geniuses and extending to the days of Swing, Brooks and Newman, reaching the high water mark, perhaps, in Robertson of Brighton, constitute on the whole one of the richest and finest possessions of the human race; but in all that shining procession there are none, the writer believes, to surpass those of Dr. Newton. For beauty of diction, wealth of thought, fullness of material, depth of insight and religious passion, they are almost incomparable.

To a present day student the most striking quality in his preaching probably is the successful manner in which he interprets the great historic insights of the Church to modern minds and modern doubts. There is never any evasion or pretense. A majority of the members of his congregation are of the elite, intellectually, men and women of professional classes, sicklied over with the troublous thoughts of the time, alive to new ideas, usually with their early faith riddled by the pessimisms and cynicisms of the day, yet each one feels as he sits in the congregation, "This preacher is preaching to my case." Never any backdoor methods of sentimentalism or anecdotage; always a frank recognition of facts and conditions as they are.

What is the secret of such preaching? The secret, needless to say, lies not on the surface but at the core of the man, yet somewhat expressible, mayhaps.

For one thing, we may say, he has boundless confidence in the pulpit and its function, believing it is deserving of all a man can bring to it, gladly holding with Emerson that it, with the Sabbath, is the greatest gift of Christianity to civilization; not ashamed to say, as in a recent lecture, "In the pulpit is my life." This faith in his office breaks forth constantly through his utterances, but never more eloquently than in his sermon on "The Preacher."

"Inspired preaching is the greatest power known among men—that of kindled personality. It is more compelling than literature, direct than architecture, more vivid than music. Nowhere else can speech be so clothed with power to awaken, rebuke, heal and exalt. The church, which is partly to blame for the dearth of great preachers, must not smother her sweetest voices. She must give them time to think and pray—time to brood their thoughts, dream their dreams, and fashion their winged prophecies. No man can be a prophet when so much of his time is taken in running an intricate church machine, with wheels within wheels. Between a petrified dogmatism and an erratic radicalism there is room for a pulpit, wise with the wisdom of insight, free as the air, and in many keys and tones eloquent for God and the higher human life. Never since the dawn of our era has there been such an opportunity as there is now for broad, virile, seer-like pulpit, aglow with that love which in covering a multitude of sins reveals them more radically and savingly than the most searching exposures."

An office so deserving of great gifts is one, necessarily, of high ideals. To these Dr. Newton is very much alive, as witness another paragraph from the same sermon:

"Who is the preacher and what manner of man is he? He is a man born to religion, to whom religious cares and interests are what secular cares and interests are to other men; one who sees in our poor, brief, broken, mortal life divine meanings and proclaims those meanings to his fellows. He is a man who has taken into his mind and heart the visions of the loftiest souls, who believes those visions to be the truth,

and tries to make them vivid to others. Above all, he is a man who has beheld the vision of God in Christ, loves it as the ultimate version of eternal reality, and seeks to commend it to men through a noble, refined and devout intellect, reinforced by a pure and aspiring soul. Such is the ideal of the minister, and while our frail reality is dwarfed by it, as King David would be should he stand beside the statue of him by Angelo, we dare not lower it one jot."

Coupled with this is a confidence in the imminent renascence of faith, vividly embodied in still another paragraph of the same sermon:

> Unless all signs fail, we are on the eve of a new era of assured and all pervading religious faith, and its flowing tide will bring us a race of great preachers. Not for long will man be content with but a dim glimpse of a God who sits weaving mystery on the far away hills of silence and wonder. We are witnessing the collapse of agnosticism and the bankruptcy of rationalism, at the bidding of the soul of man in quest of a satisfying sense of divine reality. In philosophy, literature and life this tendency toward God is everywhere evident. In the church there is an undertone of unity, of faith, of fellowship, of solemn and joyous resolve, which will make the temple vocal with a new and appealing eloquence in times not far away. The high themes are here; the holy day is here; the human heart is here. Now, as of old, sin stains, sorrow wounds, and death smites with tender, terrible blows. Never has there been a greater opportunity for an authentic leadership by force of spiritual insight, and it will be met.

It is not often given to a prophet to fulfill his own prediction, but one may feel that in Dr. Newton himself this sublime opportunity has indeed been met. He has his weak spots, of course, and has made his failures. There are some who criticize him for not striking the social note as insistently as it deserves, and others hold that he is lame in denominational loyalty, and others that he is "mystical." But one man can't be everything, and at once. When one recalls that he has not yet touched his meridian line one is tempted to prophecy of him that when the autumnal years come round he will strike as fine a note as any man that has ever occupied a pulpit.

What that note will be there can be little doubt. It will be Paul's and Augustine's and Francis's. It will be a new unfoldment of the unsearchable riches, the truth as it is in Jesus. Dr. Newton is a scholar of rare power and erudition, a writer of eloquent charm, an orator worthy of the traditions of the South that gave him birth, a thinker with an unusually penetrative insight, a man of personal lovableness, but no one of these qualities, nor all of them, can account for his power; the only explanation of that is that he is a Mystic, one to whom the Unseen is the most real, one who has lain under the feet of the saints, to whom the soul is the eternal world, one whose secret is "to behold the vision of God in Christ."

REV. H. L. HAYWOOD.

IN PERSPECTIVE.

The little griefs, the petty wounds,
  The stabs of daily care—
"Crackling of thorns beneath the pot"—
As life's fire burns—now cold, now hot—
  How hard they are to bear!

But on the fire burns, clear and still;
  The cankering sorrow dies;
The small wounds heal; the clouds are rent,
And through this shattered mortal tent
  Shine down the eternal skies.

—*Dinah Mulock Craik.*

Withdrawals From the Unitarian Ministry

In the fall of 1910, and again in the fall of 1911, I printed in the columns of UNITY statistical studies of the gains and losses from year to year in the ranks of the Unitarian ministry, as these were revealed by the figures published annually in the official Year Book of the American Unitarian Association.

My first article, which covered the six years from 1905 to 1910, showed that during this period 53 men had entered the ministry from our divinity schools and 77 had entered from other churches, making a total gain of 130; while 62 men had died and 90 had withdrawn from the ministry, making a total loss of 152. Analysis of these figures showed that (1) the "loss by withdrawal is a full third larger than the loss by death," (2) "the number of graduates from our divinity schools is considerably less than the actual number of ministers who have died, which means that our professional birth rate is lower than our death rate," and (3) "the number of men entering the ministry from our divinity schools is only a little more than half as large as the number which have withdrawn in order to enter some other walk of life." I concluded that "the recruits from other churches alone save us, and that the most serious problem now confronting us is that of the actual withdrawals from our ministry, which are larger in number than any other single item, either of gain or loss."

My second article took up the record for 1911, which was encouraging to the extent that it showed that 27 men had entered the ministry during the year, as contrasted with 26 who had died or withdrawn. But this record was immensely disquieting, on the other hand, in that it showed that three times as many ministers had died (13) as had been graduated from our divinity schools (4), and that the number of withdrawals was larger in proportion to the number of men recruited from our own ranks than in any previous year with the sole exception of 1910. Again I affirmed that the reception of converted ministers from other churches alone kept us going, and that "the vital fault in the whole matter was that of withdrawal from our ministry."

Since this last article was written four years have passed, and we are ready, perhaps, for a new tabulation. Opening the Year Book published during this period, I find the following statistics:

GAINS.

	Graduates from Divinity Schools.	Received from other Churches.	Total.
1912.....	5	24	29
1913.....	7	12	19
1914.....	5	10	15
1915.....	8	17	25
	25	63	88

LOSSES.

	Deaths.	Withdrawals.	Total.
1912.....	14	15	29
1913.....	8	11	19
1914.....	8	7	15
1915.....	12	29	41
	42	62	104

In comparing these figures with those tabulated in previous articles, we discover that the same process of attrition, noted in earlier years, is still going on,

and at a little faster rate than before. The loss by withdrawal is still "a third larger than the loss by death"; the number of graduates from our divinity schools is still "considerably less than the actual number of ministers who have died"; and the number of men entering the ministry from our divinity schools in 1910 "a little more than one-half as large as the number who have withdrawn from the ministry," is now considerably less than one-half as large. The particularly bad record of 1911 was apparently somewhat improved upon in 1912, 1913, 1914, in which three successive years, by the way, we note the almost miraculous fact that gains exactly balanced losses! But the astonishing totals of 1915, with a gain of 25 offset by a loss of 41, put things back worse than ever before. The record for the entire period of eleven years tells the whole story:

GAINS.

Graduates from Divinity Schools.	Received from other Churches.	Total.
82	163	245

LOSSES.

Deaths.	Withdrawals.	Total.
117	165	282

In other words, deaths are a third more than graduates from divinity schools; withdrawals are twice as numerous as entrances from divinity schools; and even with recruits from other churches counted in, we have lost in eleven years 37 more ministers than we have gained.

What would happen to our ministry, if no converts were received from other churches, is too evident, and has already been sufficiently emphasized in previous articles to require further attention. Since converts are received in goodly numbers every year, this is at any rate a more or less academic question. What needs to be stirred up again, in the light of these figures, is the problem of withdrawals. Why are so many men leaving our professional ranks all the time? If we could only keep our ministers, once we have secured them, all would be well. But year after year they leave us! An average of 15 withdrawals per year has been sustained during the last eleven years. Something is wrong somewhere! In the light of such a record, and its appalling consequences in the long run, would it not seem advisable to investigate this phenomenon as other similar phenomena of the ministry have been investigated? The Unitarians have already looked into the question, "Why don't men enter the ministry?" Now let them take up the equally pressing question, "Why don't they stay in when they get in?

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

Church of the Messiah, New York City.

The Borderland

(Suggested by Maeterlinck's "Our Eternity.")

We come to the Borderland before
The soul is freed from the body,
When age is upon us, or sickness compels,
And the margin of earth's time narrows.
The lights are fading, and we would fain discern
Some form beyond the mists of the boundary.
But the air is thick and impenetrable,
And a river only is discovered by its murmurs,
Growing hoarse in the gloom of the night;
There are voices many sounding
That come over the abyss,
And forms huge and shadowy
Like striding giants on cloudy evenings,
While we yearn for a loved face and an outstretched hand,
The soul standing at gaze
Bewails what it has lost and vainly seeks,
But hush! hush! impatient, and all too inquisitive soul,
The moment draws near when, like the bather in sacred Ganges,
You too will adventure upon the stream.
And what now seems alien
Will reveal itself as natural,
Your country will be before you, not behind.
You are still at home,
And still, as in the past, a denizen of the infinite.
Your old time suffering and pain
Has dropped away with the body,
But can you not still think, feel, love, hope and aspire?
He who says nay, must prove what he avers.
The soul, knowing nothing until the mystic door opens,
Can still humbly trust the underlying arm
And go forward with courage.
So you who stand on the brink,
Fear not cessation of being,
For annihilation is an impossible term.
And all you have imagined and longed for
Is, perhaps, far less glorious than the reality.

AUGUSTA LARNED.

Woman and Beauty

The new religion, the coming world religion, must have its vehicles, and one of them will be beauty. For we are learning that beauty in art, in life, and in nature, is one of the great educational and moral forces. As soon as men and women come to a knowledge and an appreciation of art, a delight in the beautiful, they begin to enlarge. Let a man begin to love beauty in the face of an innocent child, let him begin to love and cultivate a flower and he begins to grow better.

It was Socrates who first taught us the intimate connection between physical and moral beauty, beauty of body and beauty of soul—*to agathon.*

We hear much today (none too much) about woman's rights, but not of the indisputable right which specially belongs to her—*the right to be beautiful.* Yet it is to be feared that the bourgeois woman pays so much attention to the adornment of her body that she has no time to make her body *itself* beautiful.

A woman should not lose her beauty with her youth, but should grow more and more beautiful, even after she has passed her meridian and descends into the shadows of old age.

A beautiful old woman would make a subject for the brush of a Raphael, for her face contains all the *wonder* of the past and the *mystery* of the future.

JAMES G. TOWNSEND.

DECLARATION OF PRINCIPLES

Adopted by the National Education Association

at San Francisco Meeting, 1915

THE virtual breakdown of civilization in Europe, which has taken place since the last meeting of this Association, has revealed to us how ineffective after all have been the systems of education upon which we have in the past placed so much dependence, in so far as the imparting of that type of education which tend to preserve and advance the higher interests of civilization is concerned. In an age marked by so great an expansion of educational activities, such great industrial and commercial progress, such wonderful discoveries and advances in the application of science, and such progress in advancing the social welfare, we see nations heretofore devoted to the arts of peace and the advancement of civilization almost at once lapse into a barbarism which we a year ago would not have believed possible.

¶ Not only have the systems of education of Europe proved disappointing at the time of supreme test, but we cannot console ourselves that the results would have been markedly different with us had this nation engaged in such a titanic struggle.

¶ Perhaps no greater work lies ahead of the school, in all lands and nations, than that of setting to work in an earnest endeavor to build up a more enduring type of civilization. We have made great progress in industry, commerce, and scientific work, but little as yet in establishing justice, good will, and the reign of law among nations. Our instruction, aside from those fundamental tool subjects which underlie all educational work, has been based on too narrow an outlook. Nationalism has been pushed to the front and emphasized rather than international justice and good will.

¶ The heroes of each nation's history have been those who have done the greatest injury to other nations and who have killed the greatest number of foreigners rather than those who have conferred the greatest benefits on mankind.

¶ Our geography has related too much to the position, growth, and commercial progress of our own nation and too little to our relations with other people. Our patriotism has been too much concerned with our rights, and too little with our obligations; too much with securing advantages for ourselves, and too little with the extension of international justice and good will. There has been too much talk in all nations of "national honor" and "rallying to the defense of the flag," and too little of national obligations and responsibilities.

¶ The dicipline of our schools has been too much the discipline of the intellect and the body, untempered by larger conceptions as to justice and good will among men.

¶ The people of each and every nation need to sink their nationalism in a larger internationalism and to learn and teach the true place of their country among the nations of the earth. The task would not be so difficult if once it were resolutely undertaken. The people of different nationalities do not by nature hate one another and many illustrations of international friendliness manifest themselves at any opportunity. The masses of the people do not want war, but peace. International hatreds are kept up by the governing classes and those who profit by such hatreds, and the basis for national jingoism and future international strife is continually implanted in the minds of the rising generation in the schools of the different nations. In most nations today the schools are deliberatey used by those in authority to instill into the minds of the young an exaggerated nationalism, which can be touched off into international hatred at such moment as the governing authorities may desire.

¶ Perhaps the greatest task which lies ahead of the school in all lands and countries is that of bending its energies toward the creation of a new order of international friendship, justice, and good will. Upon the public education systems of each state and nation lies the responsibility of enlarging the national conceptions and promoting good will among the nations of the earth.

¶ Entirely new values and standards for judging need to be created among the different peoples. In particular the school histories need to be rewritten and the teaching in history and geograghy in the schools needs to be entirely redirected. The emphasis now placed on the deeds of the soldiers should be shifted to the gains to civilization made in the intervals between wars, and war should be shown in its true light as a destroyer of what civilization creates. The biologic, economic, and human waste of war should be emphasized, and the fact that war is the breakdown of law and order and civilized society should be made clear to the young.

¶ Upon those who teach, but especially upon those who organize and administer education, rests the responsibility of creating a new national life in all countries—a national life which shall prize the fruits of civilization, which shall honor most those who advance the larger interests of mankind, which believes in international justice and good will, and which looks to friendly arbitration rather than to brute force to settle the difficulties which may arise between nations. The shaping of a new international policy among nations, looking ultimately toward international peace and good will and the preservation of the slow gains of civilization, calls for educational statesmanship of a high order, and will require time for its accomplishment, but such represents the greater constructive task now before those who direct the work of instruction in every nation.

A Chained Eagle

A tall mountaineer came striding into a village at the base of a towering peak. While walking down the street he noticed a group of boys gathered in front of a grocer's window, gazing at something within. Filled with curiosity, he came near enough to peer over their shoulders and discover the object of their fascination.

Chained to the window-sill within was a large American eagle. Its feathers were disheveled and soiled. Its imperious spirit was broken. It presented a picture of utter dejection and despair. The heart of the old mountaineer was touched. He walked into the store and inquired if the bird were for sale. Receiving an affirmative reply the bargain was quickly closed, and then gathering the bird, chain, shackle and all beneath his arm, the mountaineer started down the street. He was followed by the throng of boys who had been watching the transaction, wondering the while what the man was going to do with his purchase. Passing down the street he came to a vacant lot on the rear of which were some high billboards. Leaning against these was a ladder. The mountaineer climbed the ladder, and, placing the bird on the topmost board, loosed the chain from its foot and then descending stood watching the outcome.

For a time the eagle seemed dazed and scarce conscious of its liberty. It lifted one talon and then the other. It turned its head one side and then the other. It stretched out one long pinion and then the other, as though feeling for some long lost power. Finally, conscious of its freedom, it spread wide its pinions and uttering a shrill cry characteristic of the bird, soared away into the blue depths of the summer sky. Higher and higher it wheeled its way until it was a mere speck against the azure blue. The mountaineer then turned to go. The crowd of boys who had stood with breathless attention witnessing it all now chimed in: "Mister, why did you do that? What made you buy the eagle and then turn him loose?" There was a sparkle of joy in the eye of the mountaineer as he replied: "Ah, boys, I know that bird. His home is in the heights. He lives among the crags, and the joy of his life is to soar above the mountain peaks. God never intended him for that little, narrow, dingy place where I found him. His spirit was broken and his life was shorn of all its beauty and grandeur. I longed to see him free, and that cry of wild delight at his release has more than paid me for what it cost."

Our Dumb Animals. *Rollin H. Ayres, D. D.*

WET WEATHER TALK.

It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

Men giner'ly, to all intents—
Although they're ap' to grumble some—
Puts most their trust in Providence,
And takes things as they come;—
That is, the commonality
Of men that's lived as long as me,
Has watched the world enough to learn
They're not the boss of the concern.

With *some*, of course, it's different—
I've seed *young* men that knowed it all,
And didn't like the way things went
On this terrestrial ball!

But, all the same, the rain some way
Rained just as hard on picnic-day;
Er when they railly wanted it,
It maybe wouldn't rain a bit!

In this existence, dry and wet
Will overtake the best of men—
Some little skift o' clouds 'll shet
The sun off now and then;
But maybe, while you're wonderin' who
You've fool-like lent your umbrell' to,
And *want* it—out'll pop the sun,
And you'll be glad you ain't got none!

It aggrevates the farmers, too—
They's too much wet, er too much sun,
Er work, er waiting round to do
Before the plowin's done;
And maybe, like as not, the wheat,
Jest as it's lookin' hard to beat,
Will ketch the storm—and jest about
The time the corn's a-jintin' out!

These here cy-clones a-foolin' round—
And back'ard crops—and wind and rain,
And yit the corn that's wallered down
May elbow up again!
They ain't no sense, as I kin see,
In mortals, sich as you and me,
A-foultin' Nature's wise intents,
And lockin' horns with Providence!
It ain't no use to grumble and complain;
It's jest as cheap and easy to rejoice;
When God sorts out the weather and sends rain,
W'y, rain's my choice.

—*James Whitcomb Riley.*

Words of Abdul Baha

Blessed is he who is charitable, for he shall inherit Eternal Life.

Blessed is he who overlooks the faults of others for he shall enjoy Divine Beatitude.

Blessed is he who associates with all with joy and fragrance, for he has obeyed the commands of Baha'o'llah.

Blessed is he who loves mankind, for he has heeded the advice of Baha'o'llah.

Blessed is he who is kind to his enemies, for he has walked in the footsteps of Christ.

Blessed is he who proclaims the doctrine of Spiritual Brotherhood for he shall be called the child of Light.

Blessed is he whose heart is tender and compassionate, for he will throw stones at no one.

Blessed is he who will speak evil of no one, for he hath attained to the good pleasure of the Lord.

Blessed is he who will not uncover the sins of others, for he will become favored at the threshold of the Almighty.

Blessed is he who hath a forgiving nature, for he will win the spiritual graces of God.

Blessed is he who diffuses only the sweet fragrance of the flowers of friendship and mutual association, for he will obtain a goodly portion of the Bounties of the Merciful.

Blessed is he who teaches Union and Concord, for he will shine like unto a star in heaven.

Blessed is he who practices loving kindness and co-operation, for he will be encircled with Celestial Benedictions.

Blessed is he who comforts the downtrodden, for he will be the friend of God.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company

Abraham Lincoln Centre

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
ASSISTANT EDITOR.....EDITH LLOYD JONES

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS

Charles E. Beals, Francis A. Christie, Joseph H. Crooker, Percy M. Dawson, John Faville, William C. Gannett, Fred V. Hawley, Emil G. Hirsch, John Haynes Holmes, Newton Mann, Joseph Newton, Edwin A. Rumball, William M. Salter, Albion W. Small, Frederick Starr, Joseph Stolz, James G. Townsend, Eugene G. Updike, Albert R. Vail, Charles W. Wendte, James H. West, R. A. White, Charles Zueblin

"Entered as Second-Class Matter, January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879."

THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

WHAT THEY THINK OF UNITY.

From a subscriber, a Methodist minister, who cannot afford to miss UNITY:

October 24, 1915.

Dear Unity:

You have been coming to me for years, a quiet, unobtrusive visitor, bringing to me contributions of priceless value—ideals that are high and fine and fellowship with noble minds; and all this I have been taking without giving anything in return. This I can do no more, so I am sending along one dollar and fifty cents, for I believe in cents as well as sentiment.

I have been taking so many papers and magazines of the "orthodox" family that I felt I could not afford any further outlay on that line.

But now I feel that I can allow myself so small an indulgence in heterodoxy when it is heterodoxy so delightful and so closely akin to my orthodoxy. May you with increasing power be able to promote the true, the beautiful, the good.

Very truly yours.

From a widely known professor in an "orthodox" theological seminary:

My Dear Doctor:

I am enclosing a small check to pay for our subscription to UNITY for a while. I wish to take this opportunity to thank you for the paper and to express the appreciation of my wife and myself for its brave spirit. My wife especially enjoys it and reads it with great satisfaction. Amid the crash and blare of modern journalism, the voice of UNITY sounds like a little reed flute by the river side, and it holds its tune and is always sweet to listen to. It reminds me sometimes of the saying of the prophet: "He shall not wrangle or shout, neither shall any one hear his voice clamoring in the streets."

With kindest regards to you personally, though unknown to you,

I remain sincerely yours,

ARMOR PLATE PATRIOTISM IS WORLD WIDE.

There appears to be no real competition between the armor manufacturers of the various countries. Once, in 1893, the American armor ring made a noise like competition, when it sold armor to Russia for $249, while charging the United States $616, and for a time great consternation prevailed in the ranks of the war trusts of the various nations.

But during this period the armor manufacturers of the world met in Paris, and since then there has been little or no competition worthy of the name. The armor manufacturers asked themselves why they should cut each others' throats and why it would not be to their advantage to receive $500 or $600 a ton instead of $200 or $300.

In his report (H. Doc., Vol. 58, p. 22, 54th Cong.) Secretary of the Navy under Cleveland, Hon. H. A. Herbert, in commenting on the question of a trust, says:

"I am informed upon authority which I believe to be good that about, or perhaps before, the time of the last contract of the Bethlehem Company with Russia, there was a meeting in Paris of the representatives of the principal, if not all, of the armor manufacturers of Europe and America."

This was in 1894. And commenting upon the prices charged in Europe and America, he says, on the same page:

"These facts seem to lead to the conclusion that there is at least a friendly understanding among the principal manufacturers of the world that prices shall be maintained at about the same level."

Here we find evidence twenty years old of a world-wide Armor Plate Trust.

In the naval hearings for 1914, page 621, the present Secretary of the Navy, Josephus Daniels, used the following language in referring to an advertisement for bids for armor plate for the dreadnaught *Pennsylvania*:

"When we came to the armor we rejected all the bids, and were then absolutely in a situation from which it appeared there was no relief. Though you cannot establish it in black and white, there is no doubt of an Armor Plate Trust all over the world. That is to say, the people abroad who make armor plate will not come here and submit bids because they know if they do our manufacturers will go abroad and submit bids. They have divided the world, like Gaul, into three parts."

METHODS OF THE WAR TRAFFICKERS IN KEEPING UP BUSINESS.

There are tricks in all trades. If the peoples of the several powers can be incited to mutual distrust, suspicion and hatred, for instance, it means increased dividends for the stockholders of the war traffickers in each country.

The several leading powers aim to increase their naval strength in the same proportion. If one of the powers can be induced to take on an additional superdreadnaught, it is used as an argument as to why the other leading powers should do the same. It works as an endless chain, with the war burden ever and ever increasing on the backs of the taxpayers of the world. As the armor and powder makers of the world work hand in hand, it is to the interest of the War Trust of one country to have a foreign nation increase its building program.

If a new design can be worked out, that, too, means more grist for the shipbuilders. It calls for the speedy "scrapping" of the vessels already on hand as "obsolete," "scrapping" meaning throwing on the scrap heap as old junk. So the life of the battleship is ever lessening.

Another trick in the trade of the war traders, which is obviously profitable, otherwise it would not be continued, is the hiring of retired army and navy officials and ex-members of Congress by the powder, armor and shipbuilding concerns. These ex-officials know the inner workings of the military branches of the government, know the personnel in an intimate way, and by private conversation, by correspondence and in various ways are in a position to obtain much useful information. They know how to go about things for results. Through these ex-officials the War Trust has become thoroughly intrenched in the governing power.

There seems to be no limit to the extremes to which the war traders are willing to go for business.

From remarks of Clyde H. Tavenner, reported in Congressional Record.

RELIGIOUS INTEREST AT THE UNIVERSITY OF NEVADA

According to a summary made recently by Dean George F. James of the University of Nevada, the students in that institution in overwhelming majority are either church members or attendants at some chosen place of worship. The students indicating church membership number fifty two percent of the entire body, something over thirty percent express a preference for a particular denomination, and less than eighteen percent have registered no church membership or personal preference. This is an exceedingly favorable showing and coupled with the activity of voluntary organizations among the students shows their definite interest in religious life.

NO FACTORY INSPECTOR FOR GEORGIA

State Will Not Provide One to Enforce Child Labor Law

There will be no adequate enforcement of the Georgia child labor law for at least another year. The Governor has just called the legislature in extraordinary session but there is no mention of the bill to provide a factory inspector among the six subjects for legislative action. At present the Commissioner of Commerce and Labor is charged with the enforcement of the child labor law in addition to the "collection, collation and dissemination of information and statistics concerning labor in its relation to capital; location, capacity and output of mills and factories; quantity of raw material used by them annually; location and horsepower of valuable water powers," etc., for which work he is provided with two office assistants.

The bill providing for an assistant factory inspector to enforce the child labor law was favorably reported by both House and Senate committees at the last session and the Governor was urged by the Department of Labor, the labor unions and other friends of child labor reform to include it in the program for the extraordinary session.

"This is one of the occasions when we realize more strongly than ever that a federal child labor law is the most important goal in the campaign against child labor," said Dr. A. J. McKelway, the National Child Labor Committee's secretary for the Southern States, who has just returned from Atlanta. "For years we have fought to improve the child labor law in Georgia and last year we did succeed in raising the age limit from 12 to 14, with the exemption for poverty raised from 10 to 12 years. But now the state refuses to provide for the enforcement even of that mild law. If we had a federal law we would not have to wait for the Georgia legislature to take action. The law could be enforced by federal inspectors."—*From the National Child Labor Committee.*

POLAND.

Madame Paderewski, wife of the great poet-pianist, says in *Free Poland,* the vigorous semi-monthly published in Chicago in the interest of this submerged race:

"A land of starvation—that's all Poland is now. The land has been the highway for the war ever since it beban. A nation is dying there from hunger. That is why my husband is so heart-broken; that is why he, and other men like him, are devoting all their time and incomes in trying to raise a relief fund to allay the destitution in their native land.

"Think of it! They are expecting at a conservative estimate nearly half a million war-babies in that country. There is scarcely anything to eat any place, except in a comparatively small area near Warsaw. There is not a cow in Poland; the German army took all cattle in that first invasion of last August. The people can not cultivate the ground because they have neither seeds nor implements, nor respite from the continual marching of troops and recurrent encounters of the soldiery.

"It will be years before anything can be grown there again. To a depth of twelve meters the ground has been dug and plowed up for trenches.

"Belgium's woe is less, bad as it is. In Belgium there were about 7,000,0000 people, but Poland had 27,000,000, and of these at present over 20,000,000 are in actual want. Polish people are in a more inaccessible position than any of the stricken. Both man and earth seem against Poland in this struggle—man by his inhumanity and earth by its geography."

SONG OF HOPE.

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
What are you weaving?
Labor and sorrow?
Look to your looms again.
Faster and faster
Fly the great shuttles
Prepared by the Master.
Life's in the loom,
Room for it—
Room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Lighten the labor
And sweeten the sorrow.
Now, while the shuttles fly
Faster and faster,
Up, and be at it,
At work with the Master;
He stands at your loom.
Room for Him—
Room!

Children of yesterday,
Heirs of tomorrow,
Look at your fabric
O labor and sorrow,
Seamy and dark
With despair and disaster.
Turn it, and—lo!
The design of the Master!
The Lord's at the loom;
Room for Him—
Room!

—*Mary A. Lathbury.*

DREXEL MARKET HOUSE
WELBERRY & RAMM, Proprietors
Fancy and Staple Groceries, Meats and Vegetables
3958 Cottage Grove Avenue Phones: Drexel 115 Automatic 73-096

"THE LAUREL SHOP"
Frances Lester, Proprietor
Formerly of the Abraham Lincoln Centre
1151 E. 55th Street
Second Floor
Has many choice cards of greeting for the thoughtful woman. For those who have the habit of clipping choice bits of verse, etc., there are the "Treasure Books" to fill. These would make original and most acceptable gifts at any time.
Come and See or Send for a Catalog

Phone Douglas 3882 Established 1873
Wm. Wilson
Dealer in
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Glass and Glazing Tools, Cutlery and Hardware
We Give National Mileage Coupons with All Cash Purchases
3831-33 Cottage Grove Avenue :-: Chicago

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR THE LIBERAL MINISTRY
Including special courses to meet the growing demand for **Parish Assistants,** Sunday School Directors, Headworkers of Church Settlements and Club Leaders. Open to men and women. Modern, undogmatic, scholarly, practical. Liberal scholarship provisions, including **two summer sessions** at **The University of Chicago.** Traveling fellowship yielding $810. **Religious education and social service institutes** during the **summer quarter** open to special students with scholarship aid.
Apply to F. C. Southworth, President
MEADVILLE THEOLOGICAL SCHOOL
Meadville, Pennsylvania.

W. H. KIDWELL & SON
Successors to
J. F. KIDWELL & BRO.
Florists and Decorators
923-929 E. 43rd St.
Phone Oakland 830
3806 Wentworth Ave.
Phone Yards 694

Schumann & Company

CLEANERS OF
Fancy Gowns
and Kid Gloves

PHONE DREXEL 231
All Departments

MAIN OFFICE AND WORKS
3954 Cottage Grove Avenue

FONGER'S
Sanitary Bakery

Special Orders
Cakes and Pies of All Kinds

3852 Cottage Grove Ave. Phone, Douglas 5962

Bowman Dairy Company

MILK BOTTLED IN THE COUNTRY

Milk :: Cream :: Butter :: Buttermilk

DO OUR WAGONS SERVE YOU?
WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST?

4221-4229 State Street

Telephones at all Division Offices

EVANSTON :: CHICAGO :: OAK PARK

Telephone, Douglas 7014

R. Franz

Staple and Fancy
Groceries
and
Meats

FRESH
Vegetables and Fruits
IN SEASON

732-34 E. 39TH Street
CHICAGO

A New Customer

FOR

Ira J. Mix Dairy Company

361 East 30th Street
Phone, Douglas 515-516

MEANS

You receive $1.00 provided customer deals with us 60 days; if goods and service are satisfactory, we shall expect the customer to continue longer.

Customer's Name _____

Address _____

Sender's Name _____

Address _____